

the jaded reviews guide to

HIPPIE WATCHING

in North America volume III



oooh...
PURPLE
must bring
back to nest

INTRODUCTION:

Welcome to the 3rd volume of the Jaded Review's foray into the ever expanding universe of all things Hippie. Some choose to view this on-going series as another example of a great idea gone the way of beating a dead horse. We chose to view these imaginary people we just made up as sad sacks who are just jealous because they don't have a dead horse or a bat to beat it with. Ours looks a little like Mr. Ed, so cute! THWACK! Moving along, This issue delves into more of the obviously absent archetypes from our previous line-up including the zany Tripper, The Tea-master, Growers, and the cunning New Age Cougar. It will also provide tips for navigating the confusing environment of hippie grocery stores and co-ops without being clotheslined by a Kid on a Leash, or worse yet, getting so exasperated that you show your frustration and annoyance which will immediately mark you as being the bearer of bad vibes. Lastly, our combo Mad Lib / Hippie apology generator will have you giving completely worthless and insincere apologies with the best of them should you happen to get 'called out'.

We've done the research for you [1], so you can kick back, relax, and enjoy your time out this summer without being pestered by deep philosophical quandaries such as *No, seriously... Anyone seen my lighter?*, the perplexing logic puzzle of *Why are these 'bath salts' making my skin break out in hives?*, and finally the ever-popular *Where have all the Heady Grilled Cheeses gone, man?*. In light of these brainbusters perhaps it's best to try leaving the thinking to the pros' now... where can we find them?

Thanks and Such

The Jaded Review would like to officially thank everyone for the overwhelming support over the past few years. What initially started as a little joke for my close friends is now making its way all over the world on what we call our Harshing Mellows World Tour. We would like to properly thank everyone whose contributed both willingly and unwillingly, including Adam, Jack Cranley, Heather Craig, Don Dresser, Beau, Prisna Nuengsigkapian, Brandy MF Gray, and the poor people whose photos I doctored. Thanks are in order for those whose enthusiasm for hippie watching outshines even mine, ZsaZsa, Tim & Bartek, Andrei Heyoka. Special thanks: Jeremy Evac, Dave Tipper, Sam Peck, Bartertown, The Hash Gorilla, Michael Manahan, Andrew Jones, Phil Gelfand, Bosque, Shilo Urban, and Tyler Hansen.

Cant get enough?

Get previous issues at
<http://thejadedreview.com>

Our facebook group has news as it happens as well as some hilarious field photos and accounts. Though the author gets far too annoyed with humanity to spend much time there.

Find us on twitter: @JadedReview

Apologies

Our editor is busy... really, REALLY busy. Or so he says, all we see him doing is sitting on Facebook posting pictures of visionary art, baby animals, and positive life affirmations in which he tags everyone he knows. "Why, You know.... You can't spell Earth without ART! So Deep!" *Like* He's also the sort of dude who takes pictures of his food and then 'likes' his own picture. So that should explain why this zine is the literary equivalent of a middle finger to our highschool English teacher. Do what you do with all things made by hippies; appreciate that it was even made at all and ignore any flaws in the craft.

MIGRATORY PATTERNS

Those wishing to observe large migrating herds of hippies should know the many variations of the yearly hippie migration cycle. If you plan properly you will be rewarded with stunning views of hippie wilderbeasts as far as the eye can see which will delight your much less adventurous relatives when they see the pictures on Facebook. Let's take a look through the seasons, starting with....

SPRING: As the hippies come out of their hibernation in early spring they will notice every weekend date until the end of September is very quickly claimed for a festival, a clear sign of the oncoming season. As spring approaches, all art projects started during the winter get put aside in favor of spending increasing amounts of time outdoors. Many of their friends return to the region in preparation for summer.

SUMMER: It is a well known fact that hippies love sunshine and being outdoors, this makes summer primetime for hippie watching, as all varieties will be out en masse. Many will simply hop from festival to festival, making large circular patterns over the West Coast. As the beginning of the West Coast summer coincides with the end of Australia's summer it is not uncommon to see many of Australia's international hippies travel the circuit as well.

FALL: This is a very important season for vendors, as they try to offload the last of their goods and fatten themselves up for the long, lean winter months. The ideal conditions for fall shows involve deceptively warm, sunny weather during the day which often leads to the so-called "hoodie mania" at the end of the day, when drunken concert-goers will eagerly put down any amount of money for something to keep them warm on the long stumble back to the car or hotel. It also coincides with the traditional start of the school year, a time when many young hippies are just leaving their familial nests and experimenting with the perceived increase of freedom in their lives.

Those who have broken free of the constraints of Babylon traditionally go to "work" during the fall. All manner of hippies converge upon Humboldt county in Northern California to "trim." The resulting harvest will prepare them for the sparse winter months ahead.

LABOR DAY WEEKEND - Inexplicably large herds of hippies migrate and converge upon the inhospitable climes of the Black Rock Desert. Many obstacles stand in their path and many hippies don't make it, falling prey to their bank accounts, Nevada Police officers, or their insistence on buying shitty old beat-up school buses to travel in—despite having never worked on a car (or anything else for that matter) in their lives. Those who successfully make it to "the playa" will begin to base their entire lives around this single weekend. All vacations, festivals, weddings, employment, funerals, showers, and more, are scheduled around this weekend.

WINTER: The migratory hippies will have dispersed to warmer climates of their choosing including the popular destinations of Costa Rica, Hawaii, Bali, and Thailand. SE Asia is a popular destination owing to its warm weather, and doubly so because it's cheap. Those who hibernate will settle in for the winter by starting new arts and crafts projects. By spring the pattern repeats itself all over again.

THE CEREMONY MASTER

Genus name: Ceremonius Ritualis

Habitat: Fields, Clearings, open spaces at festivals

Dietary Preferences: Ritual cherries, chocolate, cacao

Mating Rituals: You can be sure it goes on forever

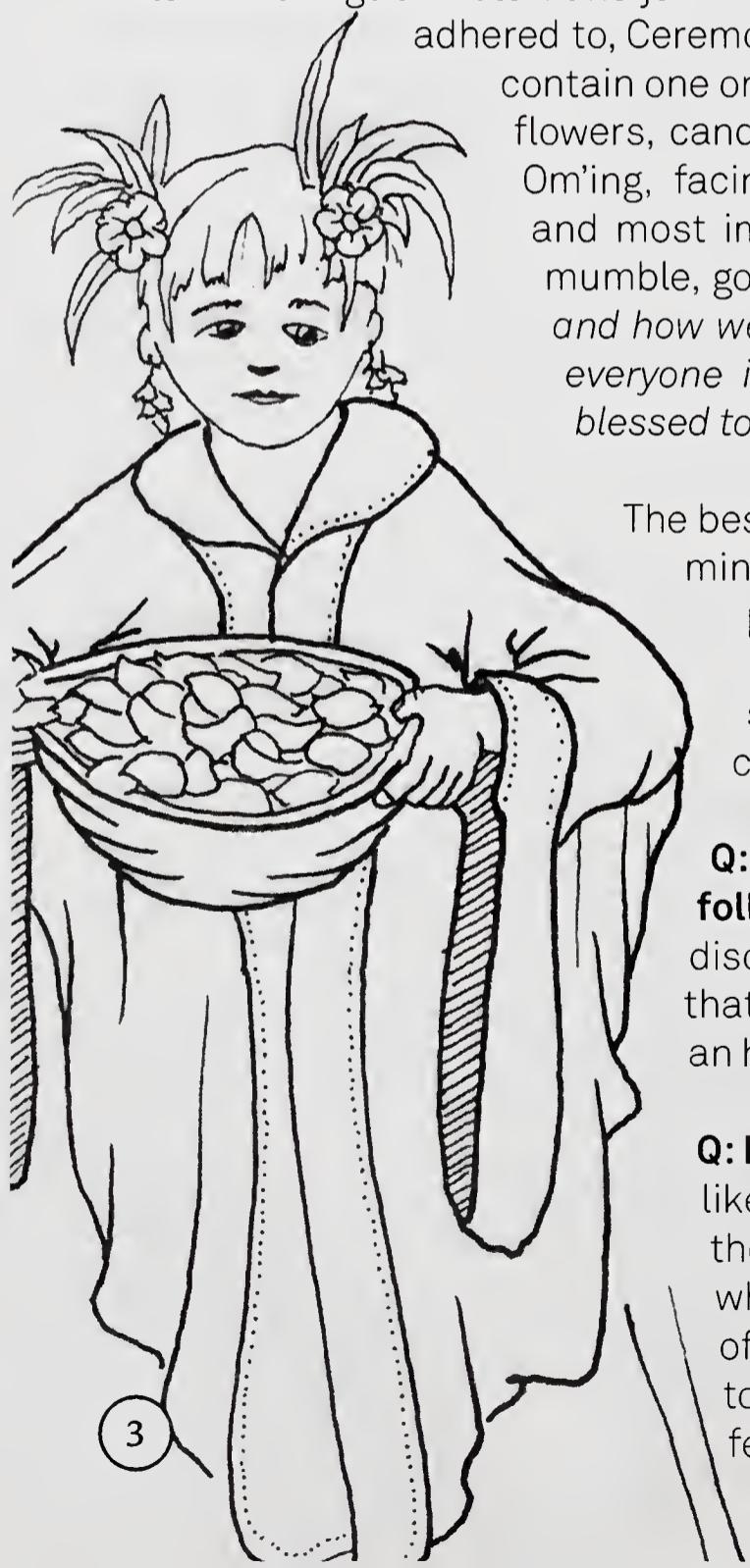
Age Range: 25-40

Hippies often perform interesting rituals and ceremonies at events. This allows them to feel better about whatever debauchery they get involved in afterward because no matter what happens, they can remember that they started the night off with intention. These rituals are often presided over by a Ceremony Master who is usually incredibly done up in a custom made costume made from feathers, flowers, robes, and ritual make up.

Rituals can happen at the beginning of the event to set the tone of the event, at the end of the event to properly close it out, and... when the Ceremony Master is especially over-zealous, whenever is deemed a fortuitous moment—which could be every 15 minutes.

Rituals and Ceremony are like church for hippies, a moment to reflect on the divine nature of things and stuff and junk. Where church has a general structure that is

adhered to, Ceremonies are more or less made up, but usually contain one or more of the following items: holding hands, flowers, candles, repeating what was just said, Circles, Om'ing, facing directions, deep sighs, hand gestures, and most importantly one person, in a barely audible mumble, going on and on about *how nice everything is and how we need to take care of one another and how everyone is such a beautiful person and we are all blessed to know one another and namaste.*



The best ceremonies involve kids, who after twenty minutes of utter boredom, do what half the people in the circle wish they could and just bolt out of the circle and do something silly. Dogs and babies are also known to completely shatter the momentum of a ritual.

Q: Will attending a ritual make me a cult follower? A: No, Hippies are generally too disorganized to create cults, the worst thing that is likely to happen to you is the loss of a half an hour of your life that you will never see again.

Q: Is attendance Mandatory? A: Hippies would like you to think so. Recently researchers at the Jaded Review have discovered a loophole where, because we find it presumptuous of our willingness, we only feel obligated to participate in at max, one ceremony per festival.

THE VENDOR

Genus name: Sellus Lotsajunkus

Also Known As: Bartertown, Vendor Alley or the Vendor Barrio

Habitat: In easy-ups and booths

Dietary Preferences: Festival food

Age Range: 20-50+

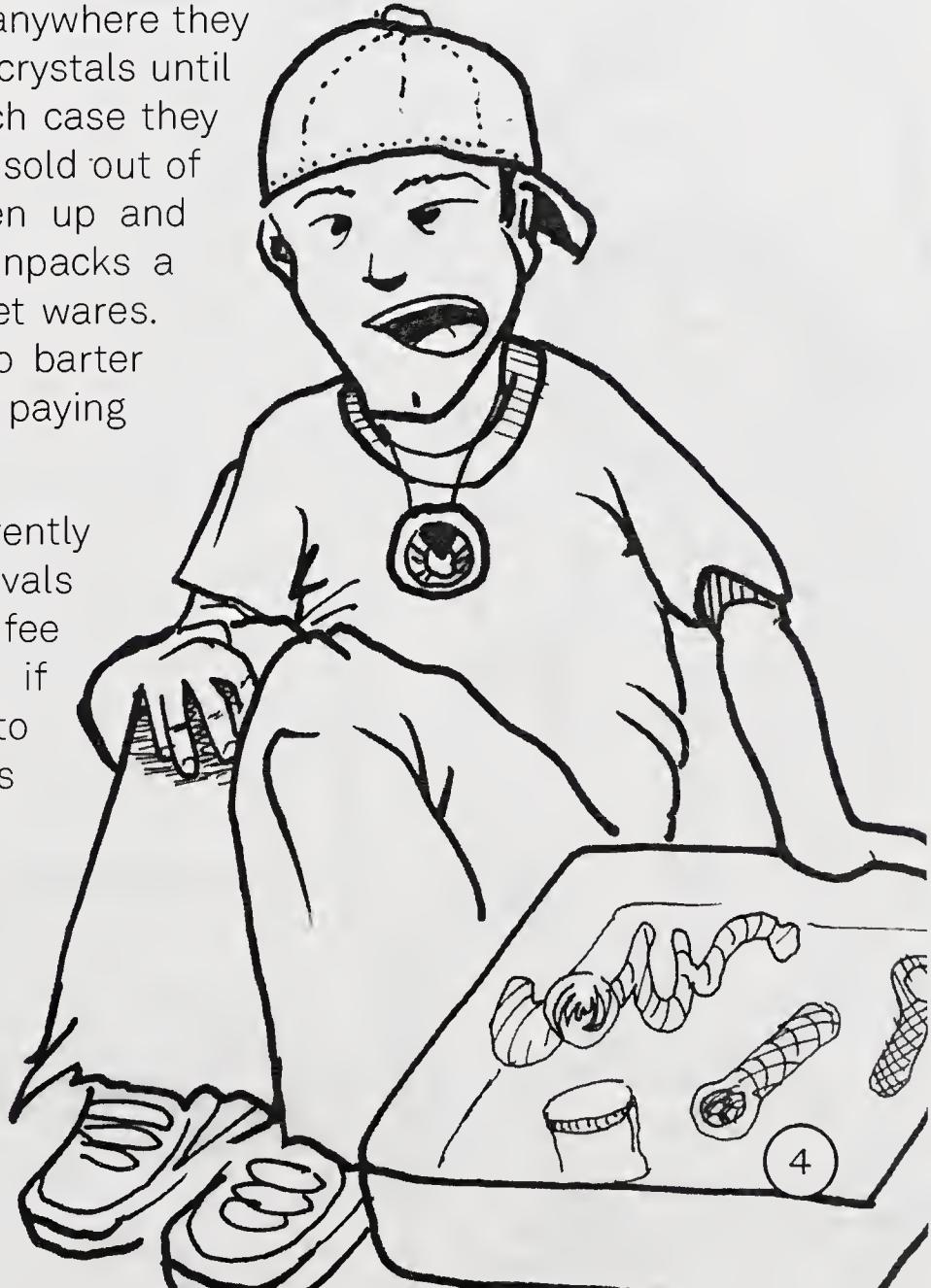
Vendors often traverse great distances to eventually meet up with other vendors at the festival and sell their wares. There are many subspecies of vendors from those who cook food to those who will implant crystals into your teeth in some ill-conceived hippie take on teeth bling. They can usually be found camped together, presumably, for safety in what passes for a hippie mall.

Without Vendors the hippie population would look much more gaunt and emaciated from lack of sustenance resulting from poor planning. The food choices usually range all the way from heady raw veggie wraps to heady raw veggie wraps, though if you are lucky you can find burritos and pizza.

Without the vendor alley found at most festivals the hippie population would have no place to go to purchase crystal wraps, batik underwear, things you never realized could be made out of hemp, expensive glassware, and gem stones. With out the ability to sell these wares the Vendors themselves wouldn't be able to afford to attend the festivals which would result in a large drop off in hippie crafts.

Renegade Vendor: Usually the vendors have to pay in order to vend at the festivals. The Renegade Vendor thinks there is a loophole: if their case is small enough they can just set up a renegade shop anywhere they want and hustle glass pipes and crystals until someone says something, in which case they get irate. Their wares are usually sold out of portable black cases which open up and like a Mexican clown car and unpacks a ridiculous amount of black market wares. You are more likely to be able to barter with renegade vendors than with paying vendors.

Renegade Vending has apparently become a problem with many festivals as those who pay the vending fee feel jilted. For those wondering if the Jaded Review staff falls into the Renegade Vendor status considering the scenario in which many of you purchased this zine. The answer is No, we have Diplomatic Immunity owing to the fact that we are usually friends with the festival organizers and get permission to charge hippies to make fun of them.



THE LURKER

Genus name: UmbraLatentalis

Also Known As: Creepers, Uncle Touchy

Habitat: Shadows, Corners, Fringes, The dark

Dietary Preferences: They seem to feed on energy.

Mating Rituals: are you kidding me?

Age Range: 16-40 (most people past 40 realize that life is too short to waste lurking)

Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of hippies? The Lurker knows. The Lurker is often found inhabiting the shadowy fringes of many social situations, more often than not completely silent and possessing an uncanny ability to make everyone feel vaguely uncomfortable though no one can articulate why and most often nobody speaks of it because they don't want to be perceived as being unkind. However after the first real WTF moment involving a lurker everyone jumps to say "*I had weird feelings about that Lurker from moment one.*"

Lurkers can also resist the sort of engaging questions that can be used to draw the shy and meek out of their internal worlds. Attempts to draw the Lurker into conversation and social interaction is usually met with one word answers and large amounts of resistance, so it is often just better to leave them on the fringes and enjoy yourself under their watchful eyes.

There are many sub-types within the Lurker umbrella, so let's go over some of the more common of these.



The Aggressive Lurker: This type is out to mess with your head by intentionally violating standard accepted behaviors considered to be nice. These types will use sociology as a weapon against you. Best left alone.

The Narcissistic Lurker: They hang out in the back of the conversation until the first opportunity to find some way to change the course of the conversation back to the only topic that matters: them.

The Psychic Vampire Lurker: It is unknown how it is done, but their mere presence can suck the energy right out of a room. Talking to them is almost always a drain.

The Low Self-Esteem Lurker: Not technically a lurker but they often show the same behaviors. They are just shy or don't value their contribution to the group, they can often be coaxed into a group for a little while until they retreat to the more comfortable world of silent observing.

The Shady Lurker: *Is that guy planning to shank me and steal all my stuff? He sure looks like it.*

The not-so-subtle groper: who slowly migrates towards people who look too fucked up to realize that a stranger just touched their no-no spot.

LOT RATS

Genus name: Lotorium Familiaris

Habitat: Parking Lots

Dietary Preferences: See Below

Age Range: 16-35

Lot Rats are so named after the once thriving ecosystem in which they created their habitats. The Lot once referred to the parking lot outside of Grateful Dead shows before Jerry died and were then later absorbed into the Phish scene. The Lot, aside from being the best place outside a liberal arts college to observe a wide variety of hippies, was also a place to network, exchange information, and of course exchange currency for whatever flavor of altered experience was currently in favor amongst hippies.

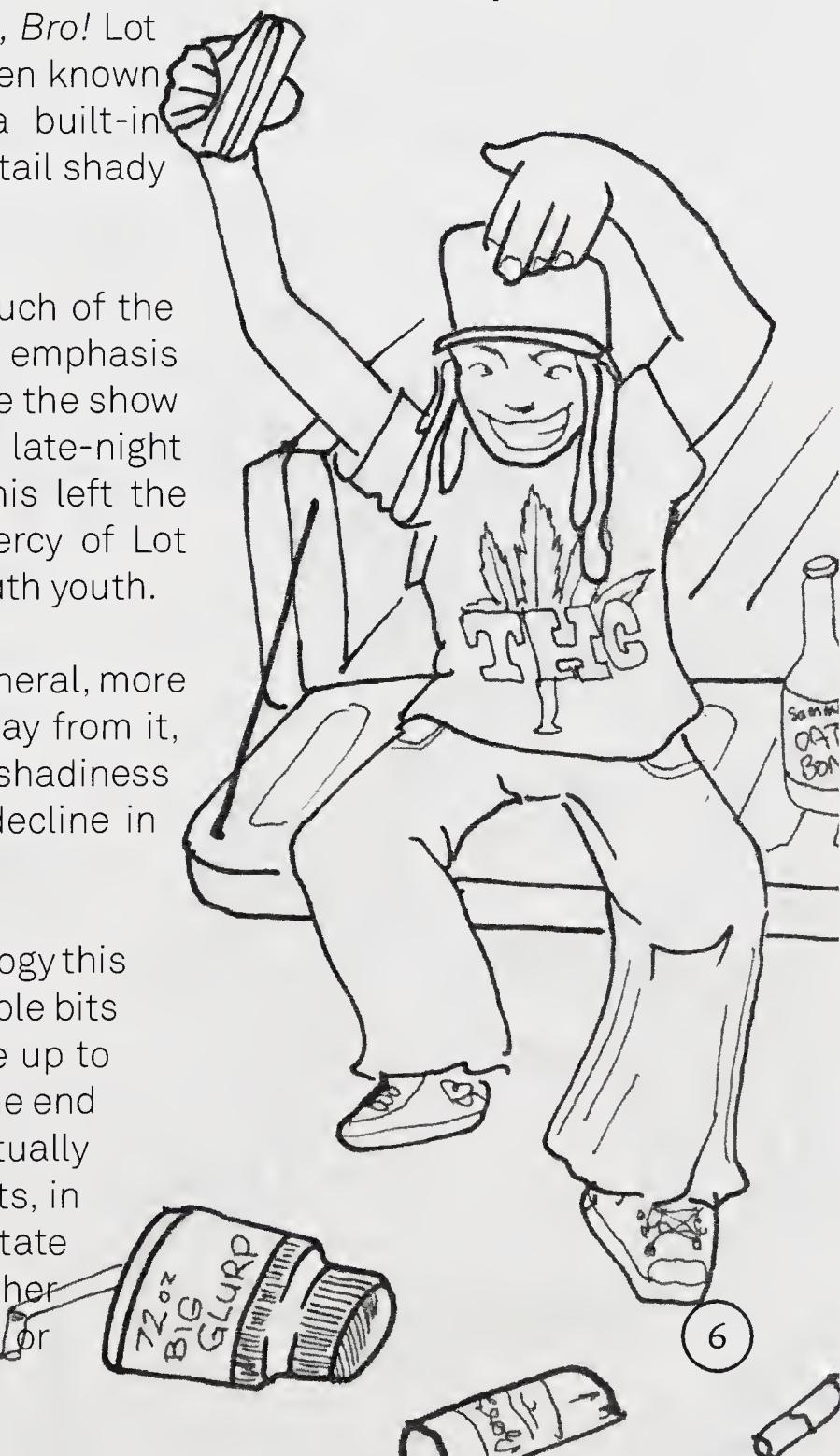
How hippies were able to turn the normally inhospitable paved parking lot into a thriving hippie oasis for short spans of time is still a mystery to most sociologists. There was a whole sub-section of Lot food which became legendary in its own right for reasons both good and bad. This included Heady Garlic Grilled Cheese sammiches, 2fer5 beers, and pizzadillas.

The Lot scene is generally considered to be ‘dead’ these days and has since been infested with Booze Vampires, Lot Rats, and the Custies who buy ‘bath salts’ thinking they are ‘Molly’ Hetty Shards, Bro! Lot Rats are an invasive species, have been known to overwhelm any scene without a built-in system of checks and balances to curtail shady behavior.

As forums and Facebook replaced much of the need for face-to-face interaction, the emphasis shifted from Lot tailgate parties before the show to going to the show and then to a late-night or partying at a hotel afterwards. This left the ignorant Custie (volume I) at the mercy of Lot Rats, Tree Thuggers and various uncouth youth.

As the lot scene became shadier in general, more of the “kind” hippies chose to stay away from it, which furthered the vicious spiral of shadiness that was first indicated by a steep decline in availability of Heady Grilled Cheeses.

As with most cases of Social Anthropology this was pieced together from a few available bits of information and the rest was made up to fit the story we wanted to hear, thus the end result may differ greatly from what actually happened. As with real anthropologists, in order to appear credible, we have to state it as absolute fact and deny any other facts that contradict, compete with, or discredit our theory.



GYPSTERS

Genus name: Americana Chroma Maximus

Habitat: San Francisco, LA, NorCal, Portland, Seattle

Dietary Preferences: Pure Magic

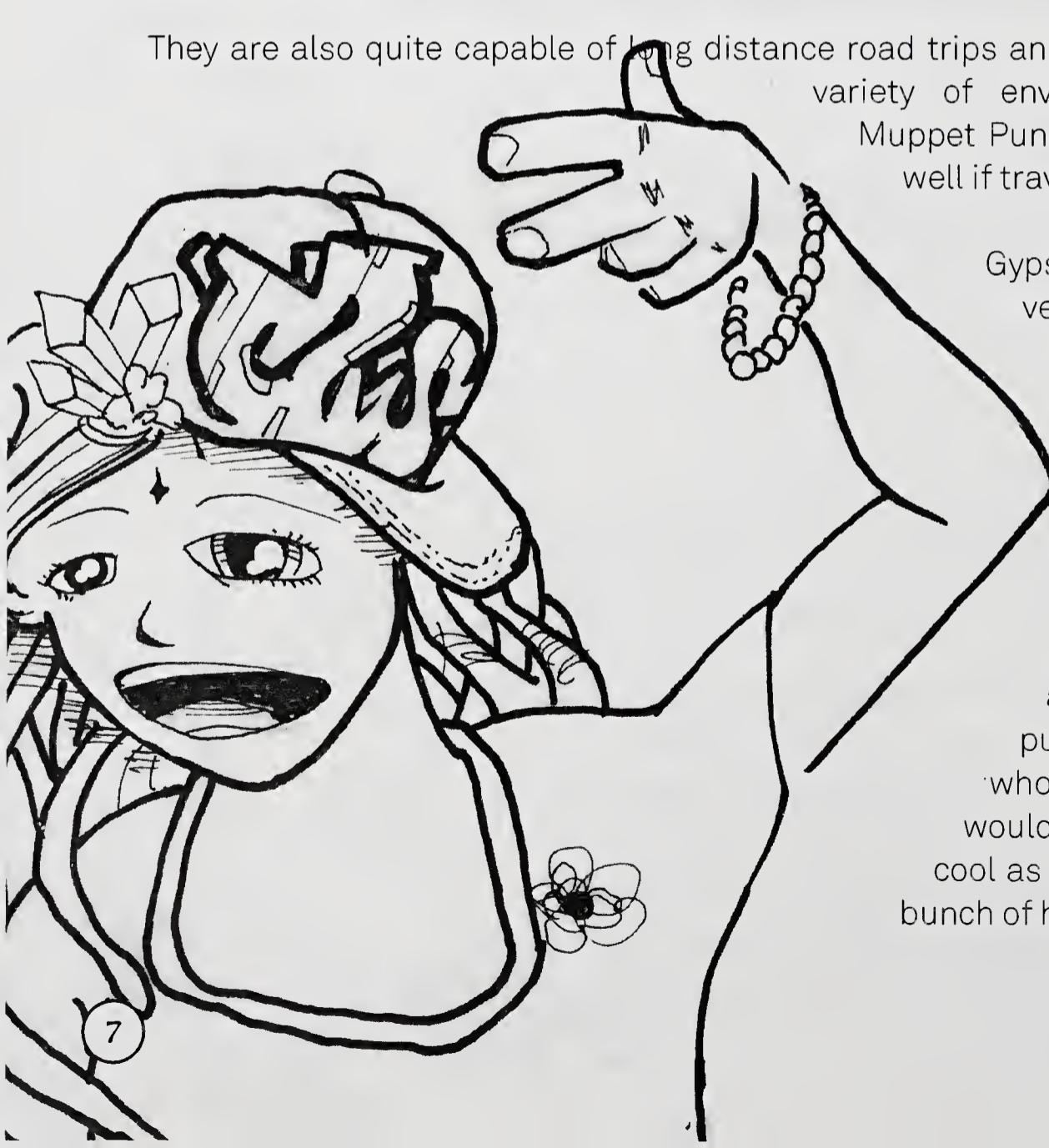
Age Range: 22-30

Gypsters are a fascinating cross-pollination from the mixing of nomadic Gypsy Hippies and inter-urban Hipsters. They are found where both individual species prosper, including Portland, San Francisco and the Bay Area, and surprisingly LA. They have taken the approach that their gypsy nomadic lifestyles should not stop them from looking hip wherever they should end up. They often have friends in every conceivable city along the West Coast as a result of their personality and travels.

Gypsies are not very difficult to spot as they often have bright vividly colored clothing, dyed hair or colored extensions, and hippie made fashion accessories. They have strong passions toward unicorns and other magical creatures, crystals, and usually have a favorite color of the rainbow, which is the axis around which they base their entire wardrobe.

They may be very difficult to distinguish from Muppet Punks; the main difference between the two being a sense of seriousness about the fashion—or as serious as you can be about fashion that's based primarily on rainbows, feathers, and sparklies. Gypsters tend towards a cohesive outfit that matches whereas Muppet Punks tend to grab whatever is the most silly & ironic and wear that.

They are also quite capable of long distance road trips and surviving in a wide variety of environments whereas Muppet Punks tend to not do as well if traveling on their own.



Gypsters tend to be very social creatures, socializing with all walks of hippie culture and beyond, but they don't generally tend to hang out with other gypsters as they are rather rare. To put it in perspective: a whole pack of unicorns would not be nearly as cool as a unicorn amongst a bunch of horses.

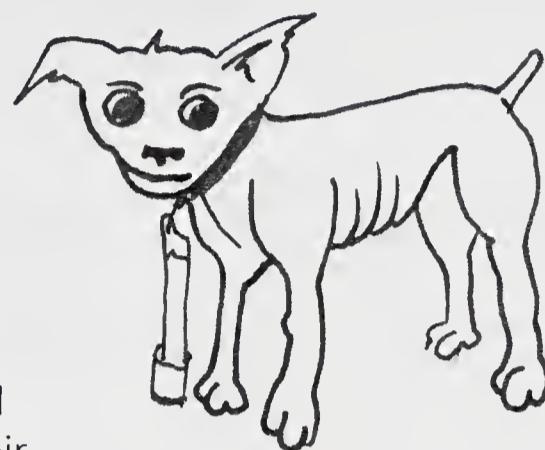
FESTIVAL DOGS

Hippies often travel with dogs and we have noticed a sharp increase in the population of the following dogs on the festival circuit.

FERAL MINIATURES

Also Known As: Canine Minimus

Referring to all the miniaturized huskies, teacup poodles, and terriers. These organic fashion accessories have quickly become all the rage amongst party folks with a cute fetish. However, since most party people can barely remember to feed themselves, much less another living creature, these miniatures are left to fend for themselves and are often spotted wandering alone or in packs around the festivals looking for food, water, and their owners. They have many obstacles to overcome including hawks, the clutching hands of feral indigos, and high party goers—as well as the ever-present danger of being trampled underfoot. They are also often spotted with accessories their owners deemed cute but are half their body size, including glowsticks and scarves which they trip over. It is rumored that full packs of feral miniatures have taken over festivals and have been known to take down weakened dancers on the dancefloor.

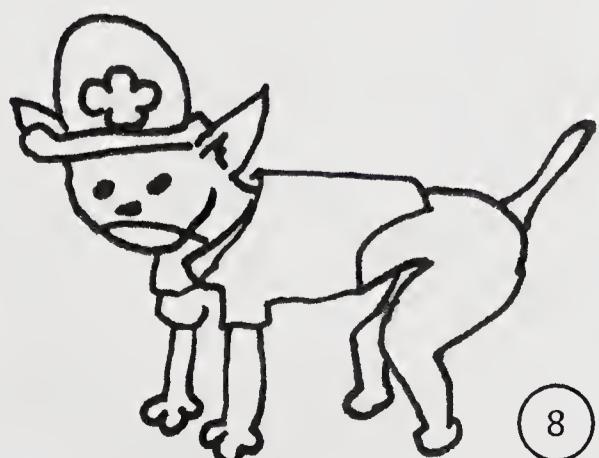


VETERAN FESTIE DOG

A lifetime of scrounging, lack of any sort of obedience training, and never once being bathed properly has taken its toll on these veterans of the party scene. The mangy battle-scarred Veteran Festie Dog has probably attended more festivals than you and looks like it. They often look like they are missing patches of fur from fighting with other old-timer dogs over the last scraps of garbage found in hippie camps. It is important to establish your perimeter with these animals when they come sniffing around, they will be used to being shooed off and sometimes will shoot you a laughing glance over their shoulders that seems to say “Hah, I’ll just come back when you are gone, hippie.” They seem to leave passive aggressive ‘landmines’ all over the place, that is, little piles of dookie that can create a huge mess.

COSTUME DOGS

Party people just love to dress up and what could possibly top off your outfit better than a matching dog in a costume? Any form of humiliation is open game.



THE 24 TYPES OF HATERS

Some people say the Eskimos have over thirty names for snow. Different designations for snow on the ground, falling snow, fluffy snow, hard icy snow. It is also said that some people are stupid and don't bother to research the urban legends they spread around as if they were little Johnny Appleseeds of misinformation. However, we believe our cultural lexicon has evolved to the point where we can point out 24 distinct types of haters which must say something about our evolution as a species.^[1]

As mentioned in the very first hippie watching guide: Haters tend to think they know everything about whatever it is you are talking about and often defend their opinion as if it were an immutable axiom around which the universe was built. Haters gon' Hate, it's a fact of life. But let's take a look at some of the different ways they gon' hate.

True Hater - Actual hate is one of the ugliest in the spectrum of human emotions. This is not what is usually meant when talking about haters.

New Hater - Somewhat like the term "New Money," this type of hater is new to the game. They completely waste it all on frivolous things.

Micro-Hater - This type of hater surgically focuses on nuanced details of a specific topic, thing, or person; often far beyond the comprehension of whoever they are talking to. Usually, the more a person thinks they know about a topic, the more specific they get with their critique.

Sweeping Assumption Hater - Being almost the reverse, this type of hater generalizes on a topic he or she may not know much about, but they are firm in their hate.

Anti-Hater - This is reserved for the new agey types who are unable to differentiate between critical thought and outright negativity.

Closet Hater - Hating something because they secretly love it, or even worse, hating it because at first they were vocally against it and now love it.

Veteran Hater - Been through many tours of duty, usually in some sort of music scene. Knows it all, seen it all, hates it all.

Honest Hater - Hating because they really do hate it and everything it represents. They JUST DON'T LIKE IT.

Philosophical Hater - This form of hater wants to discuss and debate the topic, proving to any person alive that, once they see the logic, they too will hate along the same lines.

Brotherly/Sisterly Hater - The sort of soft hearted ribbing amongst friends that is referred to in the UK as "taking the piss." Often devolves into Your Mom jokes. Often two male haters are involved in a deep, complex Bromance that neither will discuss except to insult or degrade whomever brings it up (female form = Hoemance, Womance—but both are rare in the wild).

Mean Girl Hater - A lot of women seem to just hate other women. Even ones they seem to like, they really talk shit on. Could be competition, vanity, I dunno, but bitches be hatin".

Purist Hater - This hater usually likes one particular thing and hates everything else. The flip side of this is someone who actually hates Purists.

Hating in Awe of Something - This is when the hater is so blown away by something that they become frightened and default to their only known response, which is to talk shit about it.

Bitter Hater - Often works in a position that puts them in constant contact with annoying people more often than most people can comprehend. Bartenders, sound engineers, and waitresses.

Playa Haters - If the hater is white, it probably means they hate Burning Man though they have never been. All other skin tones probably mean hating on playas out of jealousy.

Circle of Hate or Democratic Hater(s) - In a group setting, when the overall majority group consensus is to hate on a thing or topic as a form of bonding (aka: a Hate-In).

Hate Squad - Using your familiarity of your friends hate to call on them to jump in an argument to swoop in and tip the scales in your favor.

Passive Aggressive Hater - Someone who hates what you do but never tells you and just acts condescending towards you.

Disbelief Hater - When refined taste meets the lowest common denominator. Basic hate where you throw your arms up in the air and look around with a crazy look on your face that says "*Why is everyone else even allowing this event to happen right now? Please make it stop!*"

The Misplaced Hater - This is when the person has too much stress in their life and it gets funneled into hating something that has nothing to do with their underlying stress.

Jealous Hater - Hates on a person or topic because they are secretly (or not so secretly) jealous.

Majority Hater - This is hater for anything generally accepted as being cool. See: Hipsters.

Contrarian Hater - When you hate someone's haterly attitude towards something so much that you take the contrary stance and defend it, even though you hate it too.

Sour Grapes Hater - "*I didn't want those grapes; I'd probably hate them anyway*"

[1] You are the result of 4.5 billion years of evolution, fucking act like it.

THE K-CHUD

Genus name: Troglo-Subterraneus

Also Known As: Chuds Mackenzie, Chuddy Holly, kitties, kheads, k-terpillers special k

Habitat: they apparently enjoy holes as they often end up in one. nyuk nyuk

Mating Rituals: Flop Flop Flop

Age Range: 14-30 (You lose friends reeeeal fast after 30 if you act like this)

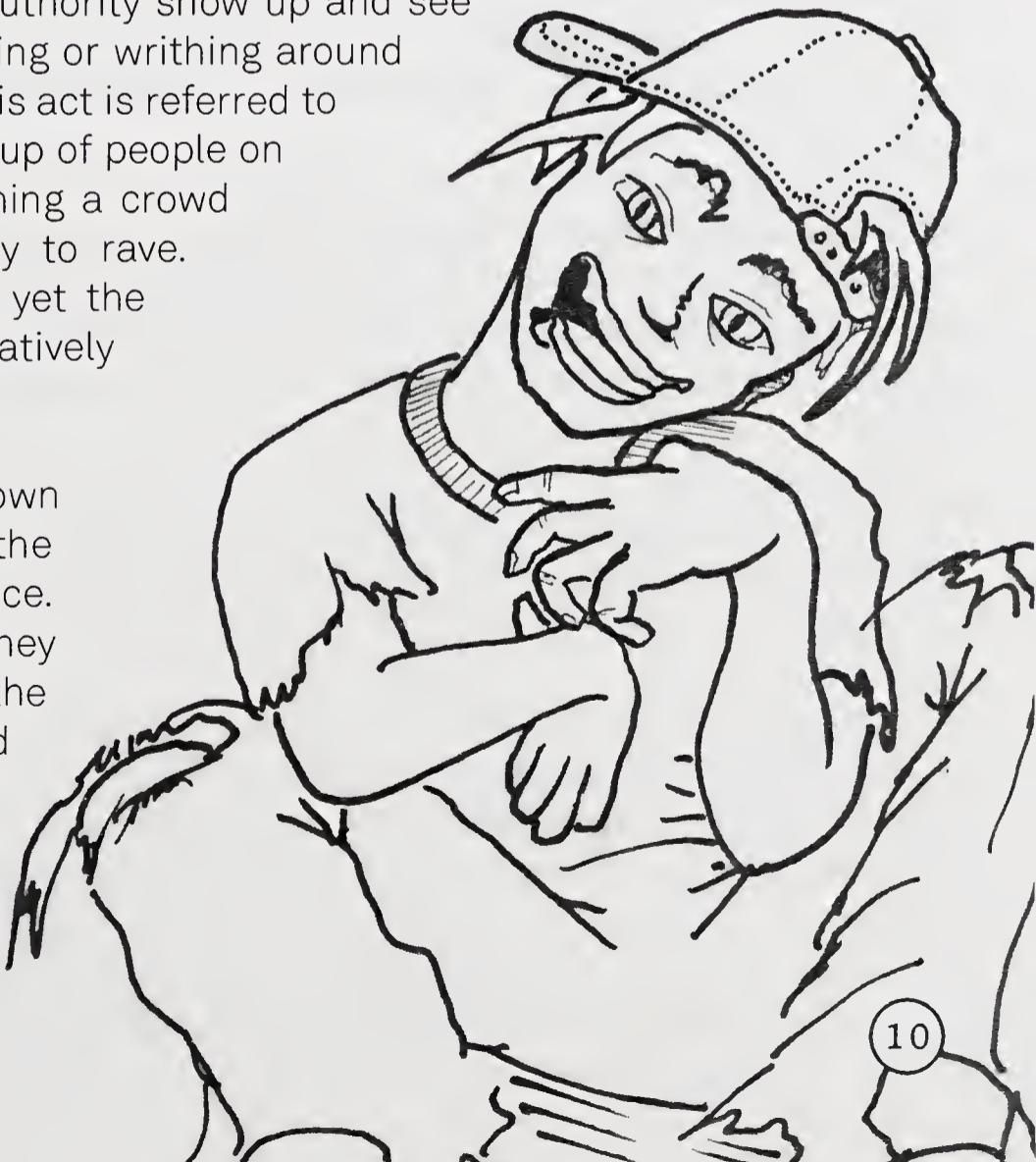
CHUDs, an acronym standing for: Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dweller are so named after the 1980's B-film of the same name. This awesome/terrible movie features slow moving wretched mutants that crawl out of the sewers to eat beautiful women (apparently). Their motion very closely resemble the sort of slow lurching stagger of a K-CHUD.

In the movie, CHUDs were the result of radioactive gas; in real life, they are the result of insufflating Ketamine, which is commonly known for its use as a horse tranquilizer. Ketamine being a strong dissociative as well as an anesthetic makes it hard to maintain fine motor control... and let's be honest here... which of your 15 rubbery legs are you going control, anyways? The same applies to speech which is why they often sound like CHUDs too.

The dissociative aspects of ketamine aren't fully to blame for the early morning scenes that resemble something straight out of Walking Dead; additionally one can also blame the ever growing pile of poor lifestyle decisions that also aid in creating the barely human CHUD. This will often be reflected in their dress which can be hard to distinguish from gutter punk garb; the main difference being they wash the clothes ever so slightly more frequently which causes them to lack that "lived in" gutter feeling or as they say Derelict Chic.

There are many downsides of CHUDs in the hippie eco system. It never looks good when normals or figures of authority show up and see a CHUD face down dirt-napping or writhing around trying to make dirt angels. This act is referred to as "chudding". Watching a group of people on Ketamine is much like watching a crowd of 6' tall two-month-olds try to rave. It is somewhat entertaining, yet the amusement wears thin relatively quick.

The CHUDS exist in their own world and do not ascribe to the common communal experience. Again, like a two-month-old, they would rather flop around in the middle of the dance floor and expect the rest of the party to dance around them instead of participating in group activities.



ENVIRONMENTS: FOOD STORES

In the course of watching Hippies you may be left with no choice than shopping at hippie grocery stores and co-ops. These differ greatly from the big-box grocery stores and there is a wide range of highly specialized etiquette and skills one needs to know in order to properly interact in this complex environment.

Most big-box stores have ample space for their customers to shop in comfort as well as carts large enough to carry their garbage can sized bags of Cheesy Doodlers. For many reasons Natural Food stores usually don't, thus turning shopping into an athletic feat called....

THE SHOPPING OBSTACLE COURSE

There are many obstacles between you and the food, some of which we will cover below. The first happens before you even get in the store.

The Do You Have A Minute For _____ ? Guy: Before you can make it into the store you have to make it past the petitioners who say they only want a minute of your time, but what they really want is your money of course after taking up 10 times the amount of time they said they would. The causes are always good: Giving eyes to blind baby seals, preventing the senseless dropping of nukes on Blue whales for sport and the ever popular Orangutans for the elderly. You can use other shoppers as human shields by positioning yourself between them and the petitioner and stealthily sneak into the store

Once Inside: You'll need to grab something to carry your food in. You will notice your choices include a mini-basket and a mini-cart. These places tend to not have full-sized shopping carts because nobody has the kind of money it takes to fill one. Since the food tends to not be loaded with heroic doses of preservatives, much of the food won't last infinitely either. This is the quality over quantity argument you will hear repeatedly should you make the poor choice of comparing to a regular corporate retail store.

The Reunion: If the time span between the last time two hippies saw each other is greater than thirty minutes The Reunion is mandatory. In extreme cases the amount of time between their last encounter can be as great as TWO weeks, in which case there is much to catch up on. The Reunion requires both people to abandon their carts in the middle of an high traffic aisle and stare deeply into each other's eyes as they excitedly catch up and block out everything else for the length of their deep Reunion. This is deeply unfortunate because if they paid the slightest bit of attention they would see the scowls and disapproval from the people who have far better things to do than winning second place in a Smiling Contest.

Strollers: At the more expensive hippie food stores, well-to-do breeders equip their children with rugged All Terrain Attack Strollers with wheels like monster trucks. These double-wide monstrosities are the SUVs of the shopping aisle and give the impression that the mothers will run you off the aisle right into the Sriracha sauce bottles if you came between them and the pine nuts. At least this is consistent with their behavior in their SUVs on the road. It's easy to see where the sense of entitlement comes from when your earliest childhood memories are of people scurrying in terror from the front of your wheels.

AND CO-OPERATIVES

Kid on a Leash Guyline: Some parents treat their child like a pet and keep them on a leash because they can't maintain enough focus to pay attention to them. These kids wander all over the aisle and will often pop out right in front of your cart or your legs. The last thing you will see before tripping over the Kid on a Leash Guyline is the look of absolute horror and disapproval shot in your direction from those around you as you go sprawling on the ground.

Choice Zombies: Considering the amount of conflicting information present in the plethora of labels, certifications, misinformation, and not to mention the unholy amount of choices present at some natural food stores means there will be many catatonic shoppers frozen in a state of panic, failing to make any semblance of sense of all the information they are processing. You will have to avoid them and perform crazy acrobatics to reach the item they are blocking without touching them and frightening them out of their catatonia... which can be very dangerous. You will also have to be strong in your convictions and resist the urge to weigh the pros and cons of fifteen different designations of wheat flour.

Samples: Many of the larger co-ops have free samples of food they presumably want you to buy but that the authors suspect may be close to turning. Around these stations you will find many vultures who get their weekend lunch fill by simply consuming as many different free samples as possible. Especially noticeable in the fruit section, as organic fruit is too costly for anyone to actually buy.

Homeopathy Aisle: If you aren't feeling well and think something may be seriously wrong with you... it's time to head to the homeopathy aisle and seek some medical advice from someone making just over minimum wage and whose only real qualification is filling out the application to get this job. You may not find many common forms of western medicine like Advil, but you will be able to give your gout a one/two with some flower essences and Arnica.

Bulk Food Aisle: There are two types of people in the bulk food aisle: those who never speak owing to the fact they rarely go out because they hate people, and those who won't shut up because they rarely go out but love people. There is also a third type. The grazers are slyly sneaking free samples of everything they can get their hands on. This is considered normal amongst shoppers but frowned upon by the store.

Checking Out: Checking out can sometimes be a bit of a harrowing experience as your mini-basket or mini-cart will be silently inspected by those standing behind you... and to the right of you and in front of you... actually the whole store is analyzing your very revealing gastronomic choices. The feeling of scrutiny can be so high you will legitimately worry that they will call you out over the store paging system for failing to try hard enough. This is the silent judgement phase of checking out, it helps hippies feel better about their healthier but less exciting food. After surviving the judgement you will be cajoled into a conversation you may not want to have with the teller.

Once you are safely in your car you are free of the hippie grocery store... until next week.

LIFE TOURIST

Genus name: Vita Spectant

Also Known As: Spectators, Tools.

Habitat: Right in front of you

Dietary Preferences: Just follow them on facebook. they'll show you quick enough.

Mating Rituals: Also talked about on social media

Age Range: 14-40

It has become increasingly difficult to go out into the wild without running into Life Tourists. They tend to swarm around anything awesome and make it less so. Even when you think you are safe from them, all it takes is one person to start fiddling on their phone. Then, in what can only be described as a chain reaction of attention deficit, more and more phones come out, transforming what looked like regular concert-goers into tourists watching their own lives pass them by. Before long, your view of the show is obstructed by the blue glow of the dirty underbelly of modern technology.

It is not understood why these sad creatures are so preoccupied with documenting their life that they are willing to miss the best parts of it in the attempt of doing so. What is known is that the large amount of social media generated by them is, for the most part, worthless drivel; unwatchable video with unlistenable distorted audio, contentless status updates, and terrible blurry photos of food which are shared endlessly despite the fact that the only other people who care are probably other life tourists along for some co-dependent mutual support.

Life Tourists are a nuisance as their lack of concern about their own experiences often bleed over to affect others. It is hard to curb the curiosity that results when someone in front of you starts playing with their phone in the middle of an amazing concert. It is almost instinctual to look and try to figure out what could possibly trump the auditory, visual, and technical masterpiece that you both just shelled out \$80 for... Oh..wait Facebook?!? Are you kidding me?! You are suddenly a tourist watching someone else's tourism. Life just went all meta on you, right inside your head, and you know from tourist will only result in

previous experiences that getting mad at the you slowly hating all of humanity (may only apply to seasoned/pro people watchers).



Life Tourists will often congratulate themselves on how many experiences they have had and would likely look down at the sort of person who 'wastes their life' playing a virtual simulation of reality, like Second Life. The irony they fail to realize is they are in the First Life letting it pass them by in order to create the illusion of a rich life full of amazing experiences in the Second Life.

THE TEA MASTER

Genus name: T. Americanis

Also Known As: The TJ (the Tea-Jockey) Mr Tea,

Habitat: Calm areas off the main thoroughfare

Dietary Preferences: Pu-erh, Oolong, Red Yellow & White teas

Age Range: 27-60+

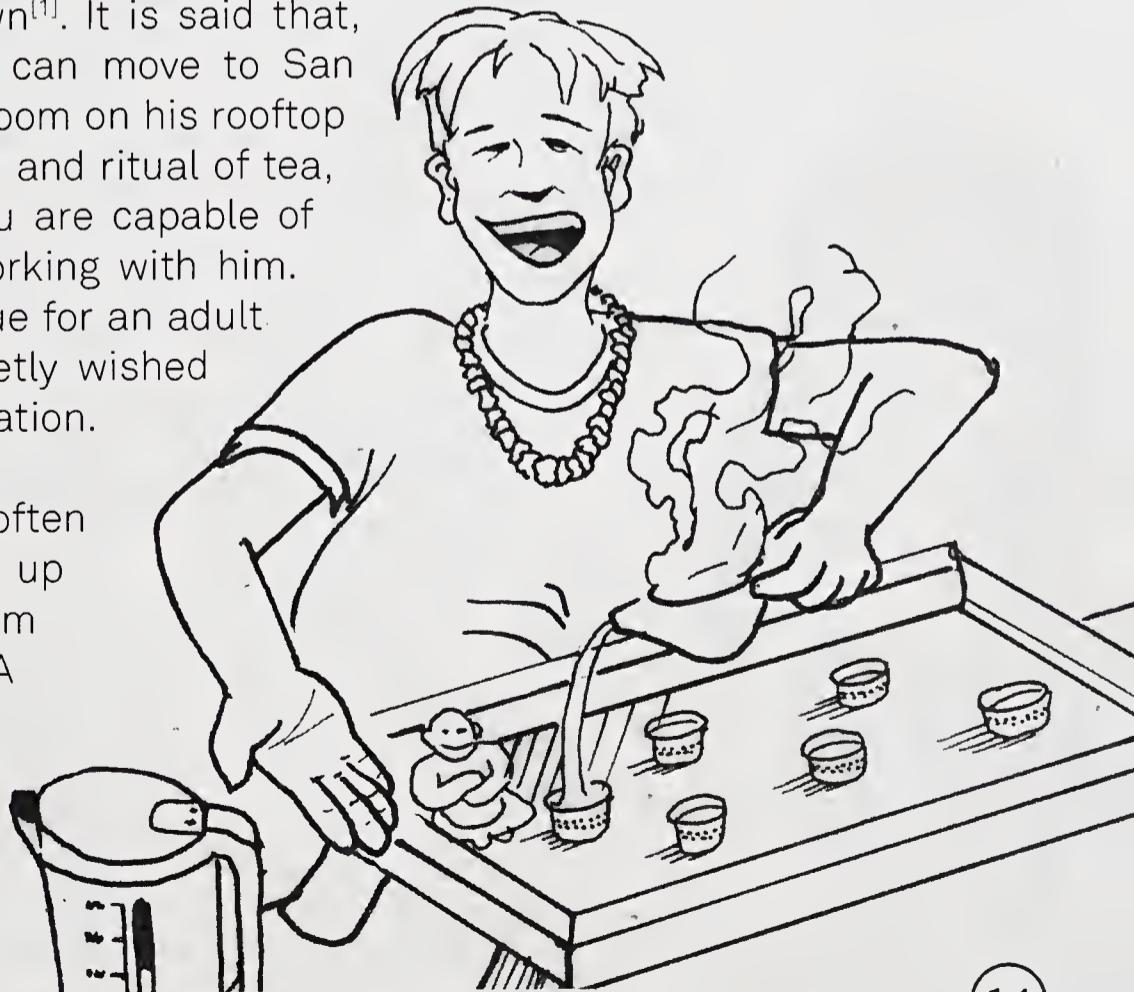
Picture the scene: It's night-time, you and some companions are at a festival after a long day of surely rewarding hippie watching. Your ears can no longer stand to hear any more of whatever noise is currently the flavor of the month amongst hippies. On your walk back to your campsite you see a little lean-to in a quiet secluded area of the festival with inviting dim lights, cushions and a rug upon which to sit and several hippies around a central hippie serving tea in tiny little cups. This is the TeaMaster (or perhaps some weird hippie cult shit) and this space is a mini hippie oasis where your senses can take a breather from the full on sensory assault that's somehow become mandatory for having a good time.

This is a newly discovered breed of hippie found primarily at festivals on the west coast, though it is unknown if they are endemic to the region or can be found elsewhere in the world.

The TeaMaster will often be found regaling wide-eyed and especially gullible hippies with tall tales of teeny monkeys with little backpacks picking Oolong just for that very cup of tea they are now drinking. Considering the mental state most hippies are in by this point of the night, they are just as prone to believe the tea they are drinking can only be grown under waterfalls in temperate rainforests and must be picked at moonlight by specially trained miniaturized penguins with jetpacks.

It is rumored that many of the current crop of Tea-Masters have studied under Master Wong, a mysterious figure about which very little is known^[1]. It is said that, should one desire, one can move to San Francisco, rent a small room on his rooftop and be trained in the art and ritual of tea, learning as much as you are capable of and sometimes even working with him. This is a dream come true for an adult hippie who always secretly wished for a Karate Kid type situation.

The TeaMaster will often have a portable tea set up for doing this at random locations with friends. A well-loved variation on this is the Chai-Baba or Chai Lady who offers up amazing Chai.



[1] Very little is known because we decided to be hippies about our little fantasy we have and not ruin how awesome we imagine it to be with the sort of bothersome facts that one well directed question would produce.

THE NEOTRIBAL IMPERIALIST

Genus name: Mockus Polytribus

Habitat: Festivals, Fashion Magazines, Runways, LA, SF

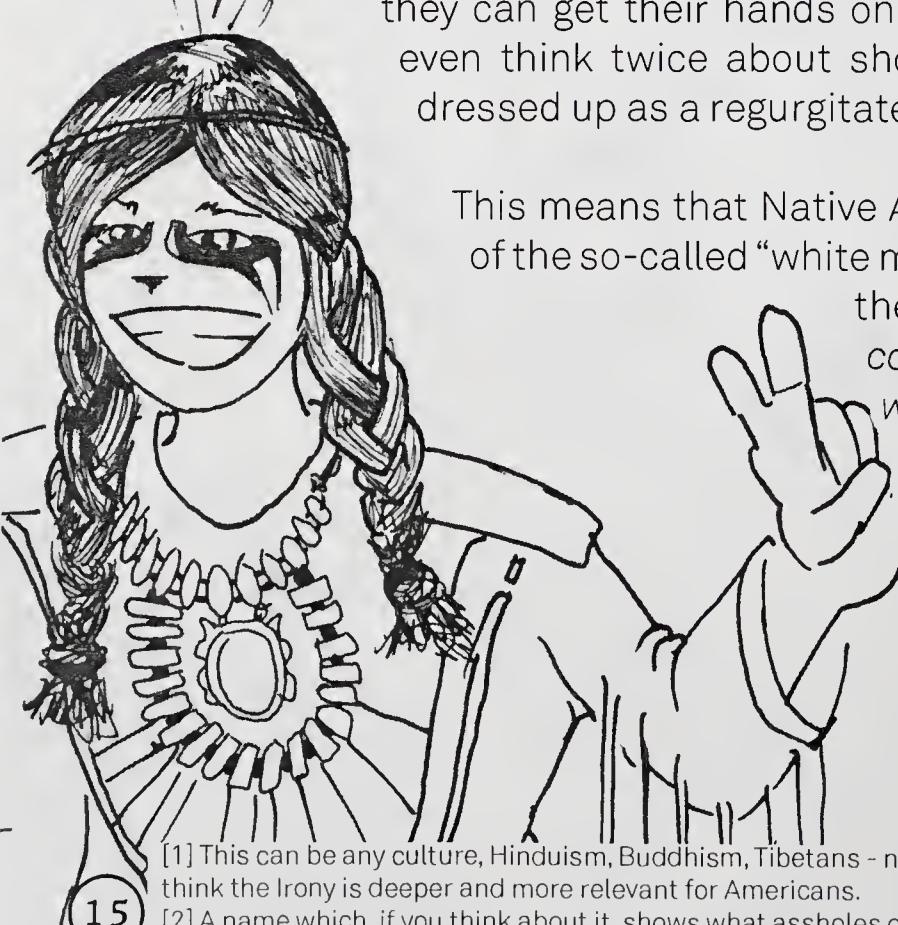
Dietary Preferences: The same thing all their other hipster friends eat.

Age Range: 18-35

The NeoTribal Imperialist is a person of Caucasian descent who has no reservations about adopting the dress, patterns, colors, culture, or philosophies of Native American^[1] culture despite the fact they have no direct blood relation or experience with the tribe. They often feel their hippie/new age understanding of the culture is close enough to the real thing to excuse them from the formalities. This, understandably, upsets Native Americans since these are the ancestors of the people who less than 200 years ago sort of... you know... took their land and killed their people. That whole Manifest Destiny thing—which the astute hippie watcher will have no doubt noticed: both words are in heavy use by hippies.

The deep unacknowledged irony involved in the NeoTribal Imperialist is that they often genuinely believe they are helping *keep the spirit of the culture alive*, even though they actually know next to nothing about Native American culture (as if there were just one culture and not thousands of distinctly different tribes each with their own customs, ritual, and dress). This is a prime example of the sort of extreme entitlement that can result when hippies spend too much time together and convince themselves that they are ‘free’ and anything in the world is free game for them to adopt, sample, and remix. What’s worse is that the culture they are “keeping alive” are often racist stereotypes or inaccurate dreamy new age projections of Native American culture.

Native American culture is currently in vogue amongst hipsters, fashionistas, and party culture; this means there are many levels of cultural appropriation from the less offensive Hipster t-shirts with a howling wolf and dreamcatcher, all the way to the cartoonish mashing together of as many elements from different tribes as they can get their hands on. The NeoTribal Imperialist often won’t even think twice about showing up on Tribal land for a festival dressed up as a regurgitated western stereotype of an ‘Indian.’^[2]



This means that Native Americans who are already mistrustful of the so-called “white man” get constant reminders reinforcing their viewpoint that *white people just come and take whatever they want without regard*.

Just for the record: we do think there are cases where mutually beneficial cross-cultural exchanges happen in the realm of art, music, and fashion... but for the most part we are inclined to believe it’s a one way street.

[1] This can be any culture, Hinduism, Buddhism, Tibetans – native American was chosen because the authors think the irony is deeper and more relevant for Americans.

[2] A name which, if you think about it, shows what assholes our ancestors were: they were looking for India, found America, Mistakenly called them Indians; found out they weren’t Indians and just said oh well, fuck it, You’re Indians.

VISIONARY ART GROUPIE

Genus name: Magnus Somniatoris

Habitat: Temples, Sacred spaces

Dietary Preferences: Raw, Organic food and coconut water

Age Range: 22-40

Visionary Art Groupies can be found wherever Visionary Artists are found, namely in moderate to large sized festivals on the west coast of America, Hawaii, and Costa Rica. The Groupies often gather around a Visionary Artist who is ‘live painting’ which is another way of saying “creating a painting in near darkness which by strange coincidence only looks good in near darkness.” The Visionary Art Groupie lives in a symbiotic relationship with the Visionary Artist whereby the groupie provides adoration, fandom, and financial support through the purchase of t-shirts, stickers, prints and even originals. The groupie, in exchange, ends up with said items which also serve the dual purpose of broadcasting one’s spirituality to the world. The shirts often show figures meditating on grids and every possible variation of the flower, seed, and tree of life. In laymen’s terms, this is six concentric circles around one main circle.

They are also found at sparsely attended Visionary Art discussion panels where many important topics are discussed, including: *Isn't Visionary Art Great?*, the popular: *That's Not Visionary Art!*, and the perennial favorite: *All The Things That Are Wrong In The World That We Are Fixing With Visionary Art*. After these important subjects are discussed there is usually a round table discussion which the outside observer wouldn't be faulted for mistaking for a self congratulatory back patting session.

Sessions of “meet the shaman” are also popular, allowing upper-class white quasi-mystics to babble on endlessly about their deep connection with the spirit of (ayahuasca/salvia/datura/damania) while remaining completely unaware how much they sound like Carlos Castaneda on a coke bender.



SMALL TIME GROWER

Genus name: Colo Colui Cultum

Habitat: Basements, Spare bedrooms, Garages

Dietary Preferences: chicken wings, beer and the like.

Mating Rituals: rarely owing to choice of profession

Age Range: 25-45

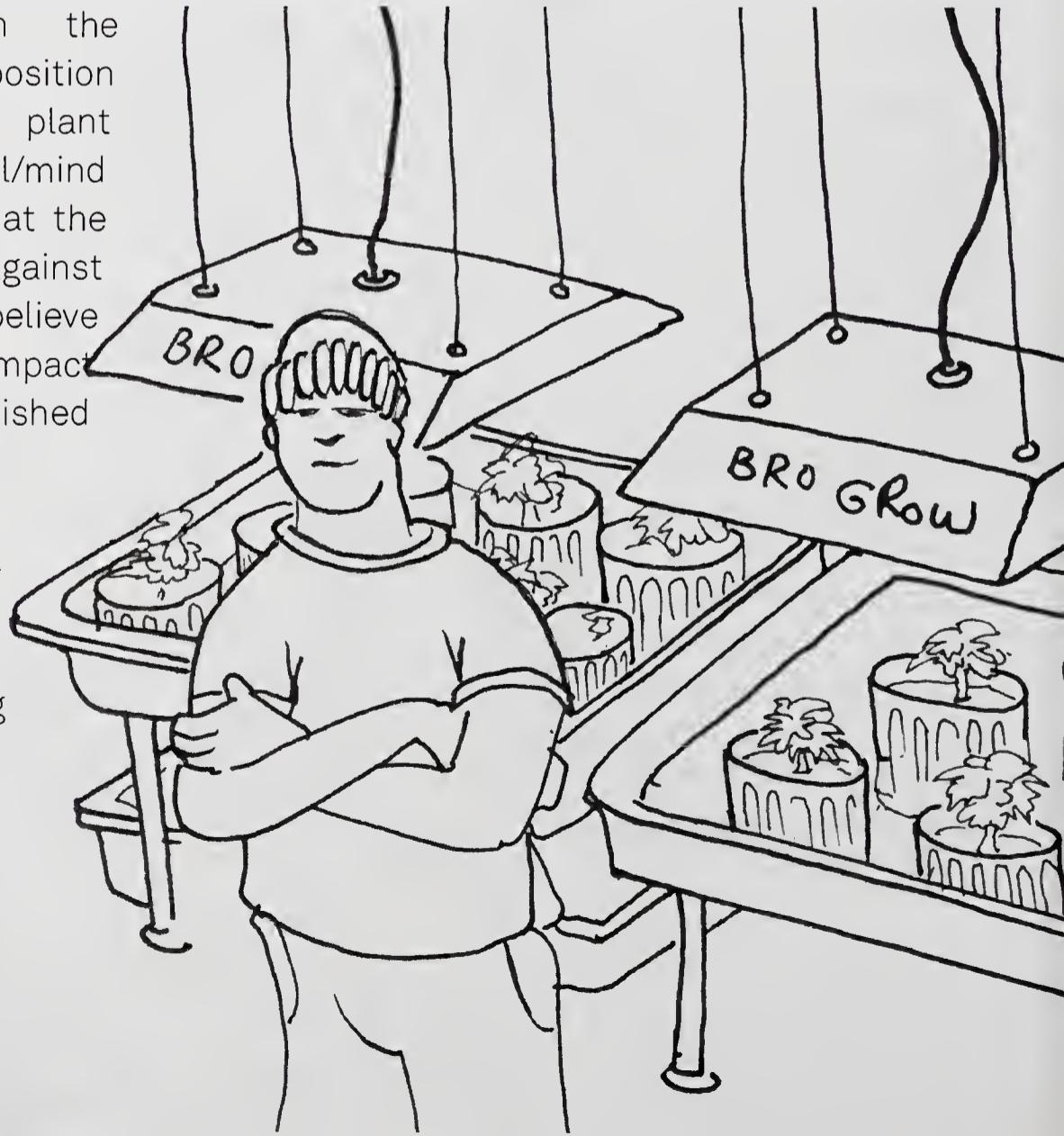
The Small Time Grower differs greatly from a lot of the other Baller-type growers in that they are usually unassuming, quiet and keep to themselves due to their secret profession.

The once thriving and well-off Small Time Grower is rapidly heading towards endangered status due to a rapid increase in suitable habitat resulting from a change in government laws regarding the cultivation of Marijuana. This has led to an explosion in the number of growers which, of course, means increased competition for dwindling resources. This fierce competition has left many veteran small-mid sized growers hungry and unable to pay their electric bills. This is due to the first-year economics concept of supply and demand.

As was the case with independent small-town stores, there is no way to compete with larger stores who are able to sell in bulk in order to undersell the competition. Thus many growers who have been doing this longer than most growers have been smoking pot are suddenly picking up the pieces and figuring out a late game Plan B.

This also puts some Small Time Growers in the contradictory position of believing in the plant and its medicinal/mind altering powers but at the same time being against legalization as they believe it would further impact their already diminished financial return.

Only time will tell if the Small Time Grower will be able to survive the changing climate.



WAY TOO INTENSE GUY

Genus name: Tangere Femur Sapiens

Also Known As: Touch Your Thigh Guy,

Habitat: New Age friendly small hippie towns

Dietary Preferences: Raw Food, Energetically enhanced

Age Range: 25-35

The Way Too Intense Guy actually has a name which you most likely forgot because you are actively trying to avoid the uncomfortable intensity in which he meets your eyes, the manner in which he ever so stealthily invades your personal space, and his far too excited greeting with respect to how little he actually knows you. In fact he may, without warning, place his hand over your shoulder, over your heart or other chakras, or even place his hand on your thigh all the while calling you "Brother." He often will not see anything wrong with this or even notice that you are uncomfortable.

He walks with the air of someone trying very hard to have an air about them. In their mind this is a rarefied air of absolute control of all aspects of their reality but to everyone else it just looks like standing a bit too stiffly, moving too deliberately, and pretending to have more serenity than anyone is actually entitled to have in this day and age.

Way Too Intense Guy is often deeply spiritual and will tell you about it for hours on end. It usually involves some super esoteric twist which you have likely not heard about.

When two Way Too Intense Guys meet watch out! They will often try to out intense one another. While you wouldn't be faulted for thinking this would lead to escalating levels of intenseness that could only end in the flinging of feces and primal screeching, the opposite is in fact true. What will start off as an overly intense greeting will probably resolve in very soft speech and a professed deep connection, which may be expressed as a feeling that they were close in a past life. Whoever emerges as the most calm and serene, or whoever breaks eye contact first wins this battle.

The Way Too Intense Guy may never emerge from the vicious cycle that ensnares him. Most people desire a normal level of intensity from their friends and tend to shy away those who come on too strongly, which forces him to try that much harder in the only way he knows how—which is to turn up the intensity.

We offer you two reasons why there is no illustration for this archetype depending if you lean towards Half Full or Half Empty.

Half Full: This is a 1st edition collectors edition straight off the press where the authors, illustrators, editors, and copy editors all worked in perfect harmony for 3 weeks straight pulling 16 hour days.

Half Empty: The creator is at the point where he seriously doesn't care and just wants to send it to print.

TRIPPER

Genus name: pschedae

Habitat: festivals, outdoors, raves

Dietary Preferences: not a whole lot actually, tiny squares of paper

Mating Rituals: weird.

Age Range: 16-65

The Tripper refers to a large family of people who ingest the psychotropic substance LSD. There is a long culture amongst hippies associated with this psychedelic going all the back to the 60's as such there are many different types of Trippers out there. This is by no means a comprehensive list. Let's take a look at a few types that are likely to spotted wherever hippies gather.

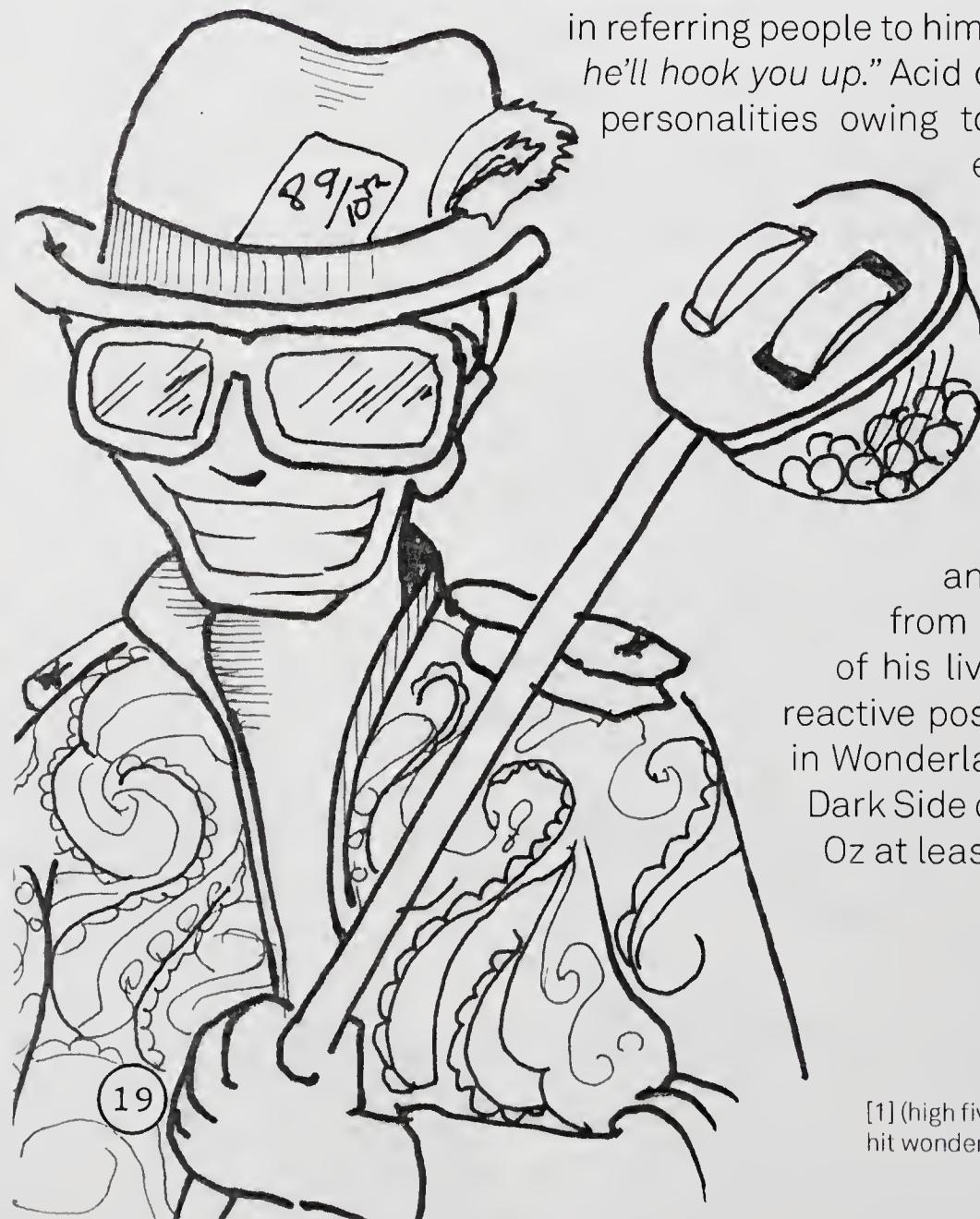
Acid Casualty / Burn Out - These people are the fodder of cautionary tales told to kids in hopes of keeping them off of drugs. The guy who thought he was an orange, the guy who thought he could fly, and the classic the guy who never stopped tripping. It seems everyone knows someone who knows a guy like this.

Bad Trip Guy - There are people who should definitely not partake in psychedelics; those with mental illness, on anti-psychotics, and those who are completely lost in their life looking to psychedelics as a way to solve their problems for them. Occasionally, these folks find their way to psychedelics and unpleasant things happen. Escaping from the oppressive regime of clothing seems to be a common solution.

Acid Dealer - Often has a very distinct name which aids in referring people to him, "Go talk to Leprechaun Chad, he'll hook you up." Acid dealers will often have 'trippy' personalities owing to the fact that it is almost expected that they take such large amounts of this drug as to make any relatively sane person's jaw drop.

The Stereotypical Tripper

This is the wild and crazy tripper guy who's going for it, maaaan. They often look and moves like the lead singer from Spin Doctors[1]. The walls of his living area are covered with UV reactive posters of mushrooms and Alice in Wonderland, and he probably watched Dark Side of the Moon with The Wizard of Oz at least nine times.



[1] (high fives out to the eight people who got my one hit wonder 90's band reference)

TRIPPER

The Nutter - A loquacious affectionado of culture. They love inside jokes and references to experiences that quickly get encapsulated in strange words and are then quickly absorbed into their ever growing language. By the end of the weekend they will have acquired so many new experiences and words they will be animatedly talking and gesticulating, yet they will make no sense at all and no one will be able to understand them. They will be speaking a language all their own. Occupying their very own Tower of Babel built out of slang, inside jokes, glurp, and silly animal noises.

The Messiah - The combined energies of a full-force Messianic episode and tripping is incredibly powerful. The tripper, being unable to separate his newfound divinity from his ego goes into full on Messiah mode and attempts to part the Red Sea or whatever divine miracle he chooses. Sometimes this fits in perfectly at a festival and other times it ends with security guards who don't know how to handle a messiah; tackling, tasing, and brutally cuffing the newly realized demigod. He is then promptly shipped off to a hospital that also does not know how to handle a Messiah, simply injecting them full of Thorazine in hopes of calming the understandably distraught deity. Let this be a lesson to you, There is a very fine line between being a Messiah and becoming a martyr—and the drop is steep.

The Channel Changer - This is a strange, rare phenomenon among trippers. Occasionally someone will take too much and slip into a mode where it looks like someone rapidly flipping through the pages of Jungs' Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious, never pausing too long on any particular archetype. This will include a wide spectrum of the human psyche including vileness, wisdom, anger, fright, love, and even deeply profound utterances. They will often need to be babysat or restrained until the drug wears off.

The Visionary / Mystic - In the 60's a large group of visionaries took LSD and decided it was a viable path to enlightenment so they went on spiritual quests to talk to Yogis and would nervously read the Tibetan Book of the Dead at one another, following the recommendation of Timothy Leary. Turns out the Yogis, Babas and spiritual leaders almost unanimously said there is no such thing as god in a pill, nor are there any shortcuts to the godhead. That put a quick end to the LSD visionary.

Q: I'm thinking of taking LSD is it right for me?

A: Considering that you are asking a piece of paper a question, probably not.

Q: Will hanging out with hippies on LSD give me a contact high?

A: Unless they are fond of showering in LSD. Consider yourself safe.

Q: Is it safe to be around hippies when they are high on LSD?

A: They are generally considered to be safe while they are 'tripping' though they can be incredibly random and weird.

Q: A Hippie just spoke total nonsense to me; Does that mean they are tripping?

A: There is a small chance they may be, however hippies commonly speak total nonsense most of the time so it's not a definite indicator.

NEW AGE COUGAR

Genus name: Felis Concolor Antiquus
Also Known As: Party Cougar, Grandma,
Habitat: Where ever new agers are found
Dietary Preferences: SumYungGuy
Mating Rituals: *predatory*
Age Range: 35+

The New Age Cougar shares many similarities with the standard Cougar that many readers will no doubt be familiar with. They stalk, corner, and mercilessly pounce upon their prey, which at the time of writing is being reported to consist solely of guys at least twenty years younger than they are. Bedazzled in large gaudy gemstones, the Cougar will attempt to blind their younger prey to distract them from realizing what their age is until it's too late.

The New Age Cougar, when presented with the wide array of spiritual beliefs, religions, and philosophies that exist, says "*I'll take them all*" and even creates a few of her own by combining elements of Quantum Physics, butterflies, Mayan philosophies and whatever unresearched buzzword nonsense is popular amongst new agers.

CLOSET HIPPIE

Genus name: Hidem Clausum
Habitat: Closets
Dietary Preferences: Whatever normals eat
Age Range: 14

The Closet hippie is on the polar opposite end of the spectrum from the so called "Lifers". They wish to have a regular identity that doesn't involve looking like a hippie 24/7 yet inside they believe in all the basic precepts of hippie philosophy.

There are two main schools of Closet Hippies the first is

The Regular: Monday - Friday they appear to be a normal functioning member of society. Occasionally they will leave their comfort zone and join the hippie ranks and attempt to fit in, but often they completely flub this making them seem like even more of an outsider. Their clothing often consists of brand new tie-dye shirts, clean shoes, conventional haircut and lack of obvious piercings, tattoos, or other body modifications. Occasionally they will sport a rasta cap with fake dreads.

The second type is

The Hater Closet Hippie: These are haters who have such a strong negative opinion about hippies that they fail to self-identify their own philosophies and ideologies as being hippie-like. They will swear up and down that they aren't a hippie as they drive hundreds of mile to go camp and listen to music with other hippies.

ETERNAL OPTIMIST

Genus name: Optimus Aeternus

Habitat: Hawaian Islands

Age Range: 14

The mindset of the eternal optimist is similar to that of someone who meticulously grooms their lawn. Any thoughts deemed negative, critical, mean or anything that might reflect poorly on them are systematically removed, leaving only the perfect, happy, and beautiful.

According to the Eternal Optimist, every day of life is magical and filled with light and love. Their personality is often bubbly, glowing and outwardly friendly. They will always be having an AMAAAZING day despite whatever complications life hands them.

All of this is due to a belief that, aside from impeding spiritual growth, negative thoughts cause disease and will eventually manifest as diseases or serious health problems. There are some scientific studies that back this up and we don't disagree at all. However, the logical conclusion drawn from this is that the best way to easily sidestep all that unpleasantness is to simply deny or suppress all negative thoughts. The most extreme case of following this logic results in Eternal Optimists secretly thinking certain people's health conditions were brought upon themselves as a result of their obviously unhealthy minds. The glaring contradiction here is that for someone who values positivity, the correct response would, of course, be compassion rather than judgement. These sort of contradictions pop up rather frequently when suppression or cognitive dissonance are used to deal with things that don't fit nicely into one's worldview.

Another difficulty facing Eternal Optimists are interactions with people who don't share their approach to life and sometimes even with those who do. This means they generally don't understand why haters would intentionally throw out so much 'negativity' into the world or be mean about something someone loves.

Eternal Optimists tend to find supportive environments in which to continue their fragile existence and often do very well on small tropical islands such as Hawaii.

HIPPIE APOLOGY MAD LIBS

It takes a lot of skill to give an apology and somehow make it the other person's fault. We have stripped some of the classic non-committal and inauthentic hippie apologies muttered the morning-after, down to their essence, and made them into the stupidest game of Mad Libs you will ever play.

The Morning After Apology

1. Emotion: _____
2. Past-Tense Verb: _____
3. Noun: _____
4. Past-Tense Verb: _____
5. Noun: _____
6. Bodily Fluid: _____
7. Verb ending in -ing: _____
8. Prized Possession: _____
9. Size: _____
10. Verb: _____
11. Verb: _____
12. Noun: _____

Borrowing

1. Noun: _____
2. Name: _____
3. Adjective: _____
4. Verb: _____
5. Past-Tense Verb: _____
6. Noun: _____
7. Verb: _____

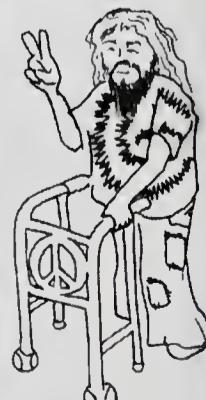
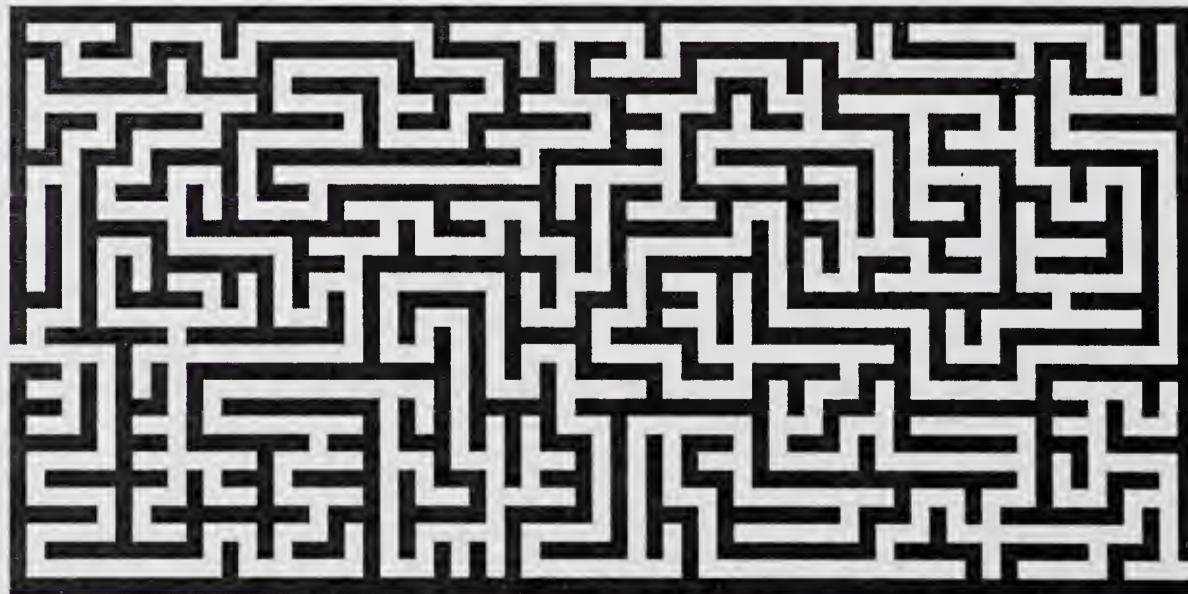
It's Personal

1. Noun: _____
2. Noun: _____
3. Verb: _____
4. Clothing: _____
5. Adjective: _____
6. Verb: _____

Pet Apology

1. Animal _____
2. Bodily Fluid: _____
3. Noun: _____
4. Family Member: _____

Help the Hungry Hippie Reach the Hetty Grilled Cheese



HIPPIE APOLOGY MAD LIBS

The Morning After Apology

I'm sorry that you are still _____ that I _____ your _____ while I
EMOTION PAST-TENSE VERB NOUN

was waaaaay too _____ out of my mind on _____ to give a _____
PAST-TENSE VERB NOUN BODILY FLUID

about you or your _____. I didn't think it was that _____ of a
VERB PRIZED SIZE

_____. I also had no _____ you would be such a whiny little _____
VERB NOUN

about it.

Borrowing

Hey _____, _____ said it would be totally _____ and that you
NOUN FRIENDS NAME ADJECTIVE

wouldn't _____ too much, but I _____ the last of your _____, so I
VERB PAST-TENSE VERB NOUN

didn't _____. Thaaaaanks.
VERB

Pet Apology

Yo man, Sorry my _____ took a big ole _____ on your _____.
ANIMAL bodily fluid noun

Totally not cool _____, I know.
family member

It's Personal

Hey _____, I don't know if it's cool but I have a huge _____ to
NOUN NOUN

_____ of you. I ripped my last pair of _____ and, I know it's totally
VERB CLOTHING

_____ of me to ask this, but could I _____ some of yours?
ADJECTIVE VERB

THE UBIQUITOUS GLOSSARY OF

6 Up - Lot speak to indicate that an undercover cop is approaching as a way to give other lot kids a chance to hide their illegal actions. Supposedly named after the 6 lights atop the old school police cars.

Aced - This should appear in cartoon action bubbles every time a lot kid is offered a sip and instead polishes off the whole bottle. ACED!

Bad Trip - They seem to happen often despite the fact that everyone is immune from having one.

Bunk -The moment your “hippies are all nice people” bubble gets popped.

Bath Salts - A quasi-legal and difficult to police substance sold under the guise of being bath salts or plant food despite the fact that it would probably not work for either. The active ingredient Mephedrone... bath salts are often sold to custies as they look like a well known high grade MDMA referred to as shards.

Booze Vampires - The booze vampire is a nasty creature loved by few. They come out at night, unsuspectingly prey on your stores of alcohol one gulp at a time, and vanish into the night as quick as they came when your supply runs out, thereby turning you into a booze vampire.

Canvassing - The act of taking everything that's annoying about the petitioners outside your grocery store and bringing it right to your doorstep.

Coconut Wireless - The reason your invitation to a small group of friends resulted with every hippie on the island at your house.

Commando - Commandon't.

Convenience Charge - The current high pinnacle of achievement in euphemistic language. There is nothing convenient about paying an extra five dollars on a twenty dollar ticket. George Orwell just rolled over in his grave due to feeling especially proud of himself.

Gettin' Custy'ed - Taking the derogatory slang for Custie (short for customer) and making it into a derogatory adverb. One is Custy'ed when someone else successfully identifies you as an uneducated custy and sells you bunk products, never to be seen again.

Dancesafe - The booth you can goto to find out that the pill you just bought is in fact heroin and meth.

Destination - What it is not all about.

Dips - At some point it became a social bonding experience to pass a bag of powder, wet the tip of your finger and then dip it in.

Duct Tape - A ingenious creation which, among many thousands of other uses, facilitates the taping of tripping hippies to trees to prevent them from doing whatever pain in the ass thing they were doing that warranted them getting taped to a tree in the first place.

Five-0 - The Fuzz. The Man. The Hawaii 5-0. 6-Up, K-9, Serpico, Pig, Heat, Bacon, Porky, Swine, The Cheese, Popo, Penelope's, Narc, Fed, LEO, Flat Top, Undercover, The Blue Meanie, Red and Blue, Flashing the Cherries, *He's Got His Party Hat On*, The Black and White, Boy in Blue, County Brownie, Twig Pig, Cops, Copper, The Law, Flat Foot, Gumshoe, The Force, Uniform, Johnny Law.

FOMO - Fear of Missing Out -The anxiety caused by being forced to miss something you don't want to. No FOMO.

Freebox - Where you put all the junk you grabbed from other freeboxes that seemed like a good idea at the time.

Glitchhiking - How poor fans of the Glitchmob get from show to show.

Glowstick War - Large amounts of people throwing glow sticks in the air. This typically occurs at jam band shows and most heavily during the climactic moments of a song. Often ends with some nutjob trying to impress everyone by cutting one open and smearing it all over himself, oblivious to all the toxins and broken glass.

Gooballs - A hippie classic.

“Ground Out” - A red flag essentially indicating a public admission of being “ungrounded.”

Harvest - The late summer season when migrant hippie workers go deep into the hills of Humboldt to “trim.”

Heady Grilled Cheese - What used to be the sole item on the Lot Kid food pyramid. One begins to understand this best by viewing other culinary options available on the lot - such as highly suspect pizzadillas and cold veggie wraps. Slang acronyms include GGC for Garlic Grilled Cheese.

Hetty - Online onomatopoetic spelling of *heady*. Can be used seriously or in a mocking tone.

Hydration - Always a good idea.

OBFUSCATORY TERMINOLOGY

Hemp - According to hippies: when faced with a problem, hemp is the only solution you need. Add Teatree oil for a full Hippie MacGyver kit.

I Need to Focus On Me for a While - The ultimate in “it’s not you it’s me” breakup apologies. Works because nobody wants to impede someone else’s personal growth. Often means: *I will still be as selfish as I have always been... Just without you in the picture*

Kickdown - The almost obligatory free stuff hookup resulting from disparaging differences in hippie economics. It’s like the trickle down theory for hippies.

Judgement - What hippies hate having happen to them while simultaneously doing the same to others.

Man - Works as a period does, ending a sentence, man.

Master Cleanse - Drinking lemon juice with cayenne and maple syrup for five days will, without a doubt, undo a lifetime of abusing your body.

Molly - 1) For some reason girls named Molly attend festivals in very high concentrations. They apparently have a terrible sense of direction and get lost quite easily, Causing her many friends to look for her. You’d think hippies would be smart enough to band together and form a search party rather than trying to find Molly on their own as that would probably save money and time. Most of the time when she is found it is usually some other girl just pretending to be Molly and you get stuck hanging out with her for hours. 2) An obsolete code word for MDMA or ecstasy. Obsolete due to the fact that it no longer obfuscates the word it was once intended to conceal.

Oaties: Slang for Samuel Smiths Oatmeal Stout. It’s organic. Its oatmeal and its stout. The Trifecta. Totes Hetty Brah.

NahBros - East coast breed who apparently have nothing for you... “Got any... “Nahbro”

Natty Dread - A dreadlock congo bongo-l. Natty dreadlock down here inna Babylon. Roots natty roots. Stop spreading rumors about natty dreadlock. Yes-l.

Pressies - Nickname for pressed pills. They are generally viewed with disdain and distrust despite the fact that they were the norm in the 90’s. Usually contain everything but whatever you bought it for.

Rainbow Sip -(aka Hippie Sip) This is a term for managing to drink from someone else’s container without ever touching your lips to the rim of the glass, bottle, or cup. Created by some clever hippie who was denied a sip for health reasons, but still found a way to mooch your drink.

Scunting - The female equivalent of shirt-cocking. Don’t look at me like that... I didn’t make it up.

Spazz Tax - The act of raising your professional rates when dealing with a spazz in order to offset the emotional toll resulting from interacting with said spazz.

Spiritual Awakening - The annoying period immediately following a heavy psychedelic experience whereupon the awakened rapes and pillages any shiny aspect of other spiritual cultures that he/she agrees with while trying to find a name to relate to their experience. This is also the exact moment when your friends noticed that you became a sanctimonious bore.

Throwing Shapes - Adopted from the Mighty Boosh; where hyper-spiritual hippies position themselves in a highly conspicuous location at an event and make a big show of ritual magic gestures towards the crowd, or as it is called ‘throwing shapes.’

Tribal Fusion - A form of modern belly dance that is uniquely American in that it is generally performed by impossibly thin sex kittens who were a little too prudish to go straight for pole dancing.

Vibration - An energy field created by all living things. It surrounds us. It penetrates us. It binds the galaxy together, man.

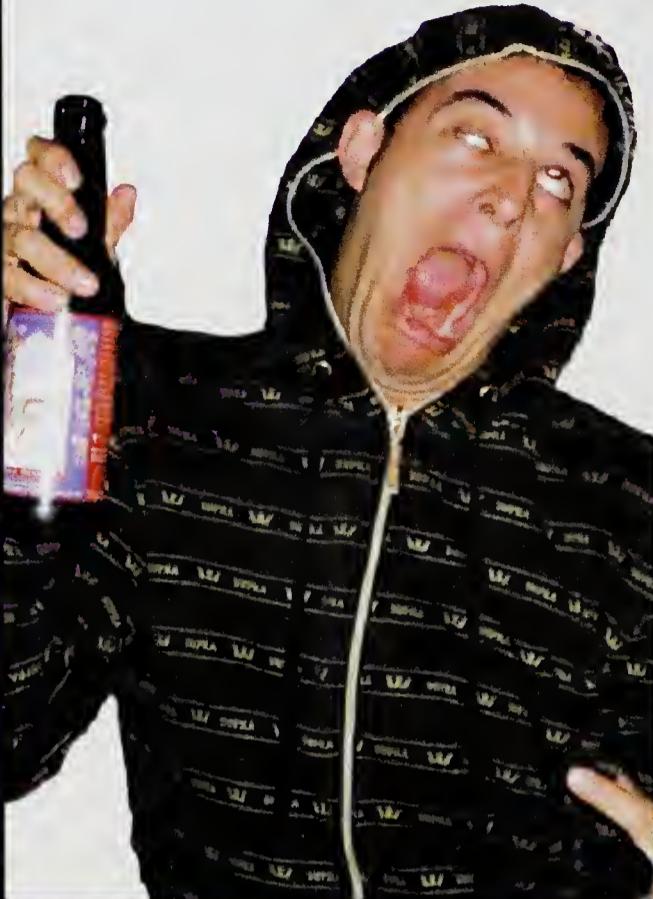
Woop Woop - The rallying cry of the Great American Juggalo. Not to be confused with Wu-Wu which refers to excessively new age beliefs, or Whoop Whoop which refers to police sirens, or lastly with Woo Woo which is apparently how whistletips go.

Work - Let’s not kid ourselves, hippies don’t work. When they say “work” it usually involves being at a festival, making clothes, or drugs.

World Mind - A mere rest stop for those on the journey to the Universal Mind.

Yardsale - This has two possible meanings: 1) n: A yardsale is when you get up after having been sat down somewhere and half the contents of the pockets of your baggy pants is lost upon the ground; thus creating a yardsale. 2) adj: To ‘yardsale’ is to, over the course of the night, manage to lose your lighter, wallet, cell phone, as well as half to all of your clothing. Reclaiming them the next day is one of the many meanings of the phrase “the walk of shame.”

*you don't need to ask your doctor....
it's obvious when you need*



sleepitoff

Can alleviate suffering caused by any
of the following symptoms:

Involuntary Dirt Napping

The desire to wreck that dudes face
for looking at you funny

Drunk face & excessive sloppiness

Not now, Daddys' Drinkin'

schHILLluringYerWuureedz

Don't take Sleepitoff if you are already on
CALM THE FUCK DOWN, BITCH!, FUCK YO COUCH,
or if you find yourself duct taped to a tree.

May cause chudding or CHUD-like behavior. Failure to
Sleepitoff may result in Never drinking tequila again,
makeup all over your face and lawn chairs stacked on
your passed out body.

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13 Hyper-minimal pointillistic comedies

The good looking narcissists guide to looking good.

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Guide to Feral Indigo Domestication

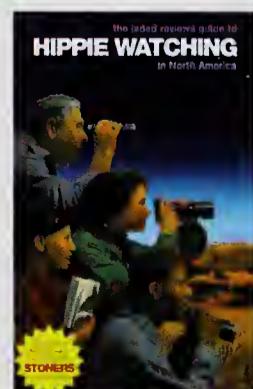
"Bro, Can I check
out your 'zine?"

2) Hippie Watching I

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